

DEAFMUTE'S JOURNAL.

VOLUME LII

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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A Christmas Party
They clapped their paws and joined their claws and danced in dizzy measure, And Santa, driving home that way, threw down for each a treasure. He gave the bear a lion's share of fine molasses candy; The rabbits, bows. Oh, no one know how spick they felt and spandy!

On Christmas Eve—would you believe?— Dame Nature gave a party. She asked the little squirrels to come, the rabbits fat and hearty; She waked the bear who slumbered near and found him kind and pleasant; She asked the woodchuck with the rest, and all of them were present.

She lit the skies to charm their eyes with many Christmas tapers, She spread the ground with snowy rugs to help their merry capers. She hung a tree for all to see with frosty chains and ruffles And spread a feast for scores at least, with nuts and sweets and truffles.

Each squirrel found pecans, a pound; the woodchuck corn and clover; Good Santa stayed to watch awhile until the fun was over.

On Christmas Eve, would you believe? But still I think this shocking: Not one of all the guests who came could hang a Christmas stocking!

—Sel.

B Montana Christmas

By Marion Hallowell

David and Florence Payson live with their parents on a ranch in Montana. The nearest neighbor is a mile away and the nearest town nearly twenty miles; but that does not mean that they are so much out of the world as city children may imagine.

Most city children—and most country children, too, for that matter—count themselves fortunate to have one Christmas a year; but last year David and Florence Payson had two Christmases, and, moreover, they are planning a double Christmas again this year. The double Christmas came about in a very simple way, and it gave them by far the happiest holiday season that they had ever known.

The first of their two Christmases—and perhaps some of us would call it their real Christmas—came on Christmas Eve. There was a tree before the fireplace in the cheery living room, and it was loaded with good things that Mr. Payson had brought from town a few days before.

Flashing tinsel and rippling streamers; bright flags and sprigs of crimson holly; golden fruit and candy of all kinds and colors; toys, toys, toys; books and pictures; things to wear and things to eat; and then more toys—all these made the tree very beautiful and wonderful to David and Florence when at last the living-room doors were opened and they were free to rush in. What a happy Christmas Eve they had then! In all the wide land there were perhaps no children who had a merrier time round their tree that night than David and Florence Payson had in the big living room of their lonely ranch house.

They took very few of the presents from the tree that evening. It was enough to admire them, and to dance round and round the tree in search of the treasures hidden among the branches. When the next morning came they were shouting "Merry Christmas!" before their parents were awake, and were at the tree as soon as it was light enough to see.

At breakfast David suddenly asked, "Does everyone have Christmas?"

"Everyone?" repeated Mr. Payson. "Well, I'm afraid some have a good deal more Christmas than others."

David looked thoughtful. "Do you suppose that family in the log cabin over behind the bluff has any Christmas at all?"

"Perhaps not," admitted Mr. Payson, and Mrs. Payson suddenly had the air of a person who all at once remembers something very important.

David looked hard at his plate, and then he said:

"Perhaps we ought to take Christmas over to them. We have so much that we can spare a little, can't we?"

"Of course we can, David," said his mother promptly, "I'll fill a big basket with good things, and you and your father can carry it right over."

But before the basket was filled, a very natural thought came to Florence.

"How can it be Christmas to them without a tree?" she asked.

"They shall have a tree," said Mr. Payson. "Come David, we'll get one right now."

David and his father found an axe and hurried off to a clump of small pines that grew near the river; there Mr. Payson cut down the most shapely one he could find. When they returned with it, Mrs. Payson and Florence had two baskets ready instead of one. Into the first basket they had put food and clothing. Into the second, they had put some of the ornaments and holly that decorated their own tree, and also a generous part of the fruit, candy and toys.

"Now we'll be Santa Claus & Co.," said Mr. Payson. "David, you and Florence can ride old Diamond and drag the tree. I've tied a rope to it. I'll go ahead on General with the baskets."

That was the way strange procession set out. There was a light snow on the ground, but not enough to make travel hard, and the two miles was soon crossed. General was faster than Diamond, and a little while before the children reached the cabin they met their father returning.

"I've left the baskets on the brow of the hill," he said. "You can easily drag them down to the door. You two are really Santa Claus & Co., you know."

So, suddenly and without any warning whatever, Christmas came to the log cabin. The family there had staked out a claim the summer before, and they had little more than the land itself. There were no signs of any holiday celebration anywhere about the shabby little place. It was indeed an amazed man that opened the door to the children's knock.

"How do you do?" said David. "We've brought Christmas!"

"Brought what?" the man said uncertainly.

"We've brought Christmas," repeated David, and he pointed to the tree and to the two big baskets that he and Florence had dragged down the slope to the door.

As he spoke, a woman joined the man at the door; three little children were clinging to her skirts.

"Christmas!" she exclaimed, holding up her hands. "Is this Christmas Day? I declared, we'd lost track of the day altogether! Why you blessed angles, where did you come from?"

"We're not blessed angles," said Florence.

"We're Santa Claus & Co., and we live on the Payson ranch over on the river."

"Well well I" said the man. He began to understand what it all meant. "Come right in. I'll tie the horses."

David and Florence stamped the snow off and went inside, dragging their gifts. The cabin was so small that they had to cut off the top of the tree before they could stand it up in the room. Then they all joined in hanging up the decorations and the gifts. The three children had said scarcely a word at first, but they grew noisy with happiness as the tree slowly began to display its wonderful fruit before their eyes.

Perhaps it was the most beautiful Christmas Day that ever came to three little folk who had not even known that it was Christmas until nearly noon. And when the big parcels of clothing were taken from the tree and opened one by one there were tears of happiness in the grown people's eyes.

Late that afternoon David and Florence mounted Diamond, waved good-by and rode back to the ranch.

"Which Christmas celebration was the better?" asked their mother, when they had told the story of their visit to the log cabin.

"Both were wonderful," said David, "but somehow we were ever happier there than here."

I suppose it was because the first was a getting Christmas and the second was a giving Christmas," said Florence.

And in that sage remark Florence showed where the richest happiness of the Christmas season lies.—*Youth's Companion*.

A cure for rheumatism is said to be to let a bee sting you. Perhaps it doesn't exactly cure the rheumatism; it simply takes your mind off it.

Emily and the Christmas Tree

Little Emily Brown had heard of Christmas trees but had never seen one. All her short life had been spent in a little house among the hills. Mrs. Brown was a widow and made a living for herself and Emily by sewing; there was no money to spend on presents.

But the winter when Emily was six years old she and her mother left the little house and moved into a single room in a small town. And there, at once, Emily began to hear more about Christmas trees.

One day a message came from the home of a minister who lived in the upper part of the town. The minister's mother wrote that she should like to have Mrs. Brown come up to the parsonage the next day and help to dress the dolls that were to be put on the Sunday-school Christmas tree. Emily begged hard to go, too.

"Well, I suppose you may," her mother said. "Only, you must be a good girl and help, not hinder."

Emily promised to be good. "I wonder what I shall get off the tree," she said. Then she added, "I will help them to decide what to give me."

Her mother had turned away and did not hear her, but Emily was too happy to wait for an answer. She was putting on her hood and coat, though it was long before the time to go.

When they reached the parsonage the minister's mother took Mrs. Brown into a sewing room and brought her the dolls and the material for making slips for them.

Emily was almost overcome at the sight of the dolls. After a while she walked over to the sofa where they lay and began to stroke them softly.

"Don't, hurt the dolls, Emily," her mother said.

"I won't, mother," Emily answered. She was thinking, "Which one will be mine? Which one will be mine?"

She decided at length that the doll she wanted most was the bisque doll with the silky hair and the dark eyes. "I will make her a real dress when I get home," she thought. "Her name is Rosabel, of course."

She had always known that if she had a doll she would name it Rosabel.

As fast as the slips were made a lady came and carried the dolls into another room.

"Where does she take them?" Emily asked anxiously.

"Into the parlor, to mark them," her mother said.

"Mark them?" echoed Emily.

"What for?"

Mrs. Brown explained that each doll had to be marked with the name of the little girl for whom it was intended. She looked a little sad as she explained, for she knew how Emily wanted doll of her own.

Emily went over into a corner and sat there thinking for a long time. None of the ladies who were marking dolls in the parlor knew her name. At length she thought of a plan.

There was a pencil on the bureau and a piece of paper. She brought to her mother. "Will you write my name for me, mother?" she asked.

Mrs. Brown was so busy that she did not stop to ask any questions. She merely took the pencil in an absent-minded way and wrote "Emily Brown" on the piece of paper.

"Now can you spare me a pin?" asked Emily eagerly.

"Here's a pin," said Mrs. Brown.

"But my work is very behind hand; you must stop asking for things, Emily."

"I will," Emily said obediently.

She watched her mother finish Rosabel's slip and put it on her.

"Another one ready," said Mrs. Brown, as she turned back to the sewing machine.

Emily went over to the sofa, picked Rosabel up, and in a great hurry pinned the piece of paper on the doll's slip. "I don't want the lady to come for you before you're marked," she whispered.

Rosabel gazed at her with a friendly smile. "You sweet thing!" said Emily joyously. "Good-bye, until I see you again on the Christmas tree."

Mrs. Brown was much disturbed when, the next afternoon, Emily insisted that she was going to the Christmas tree at the church.

"I haven't time to go with you, Emily," she said. "Besides, my

child, there will be no present for you on the tree."

"She doesn't understand," Emily said to herself. "She couldn't, of course. I will surprise her with Rosabel."

She begged so hard that at last her mother said yes. "I will leave you there on my downtown and stop for you on my way back."

So it came about that when the hour for the Christmas tree arrived Emily Brown, in her shabby little hood and coat, was seated among the rest of the children. Her eyes were fixed on the beautiful tree. Rosabel was in plain sight; she seemed to be gazing straight at Emily.

"You darling!" said Emily softly. "Wait just a little while, Rosabel. Don't get tired."

It seemed to Emily that her name would never be called. One by one the other children rose, went up for their gifts, and came back smilingly to their seats. But at last the young man who was taking the toys from the tree called, "Emily Brown!" As he spoke he lifted Rosabel from her place.

Emily almost rolled out, and she went bustling up the aisle, a queer-looking little finger in her faded coat and old hood. She wondered why another little girl was walking up a side aisle.

"Perhaps she is going along because she thinks I am bashful," thought Emily. "But I am not at all."

When Emily reached the chancel she was beaming. The Christmas tree man leaned over and was about to place Rosabel in her outstretched arms, when all at once he stopped with a puzzled look on his face. Emily gave a queer little stamp of impatience.

"Quick!" she said clearly. "I am Emily Brown."

Then to her astonishment a voice at her side said just as clearly, "No, I am Emily Brown!"

Emily turned and saw another little girl, the one who had started up the other aisle with her. The two little girls looked at each other hard, and the young man held Rosabel above their heads and hesitated.

There was a rustle in the audience; people were craning their necks to see what was happening.

Then the minister came forward, and he and the young man whispered together. After that the minister's mother went up and said something to them.

Then the minister cleared his throat. "There seems to be some mistake about this doll," he said. "If the two little girls will go back to their seats we'll straighten the matter out later on."

Emily turned to the audience with a smile. "We are both named Emily Brown," she said in a clear, firm voice. "But I am the Emily Brown that's to have the doll. I know, you see, that I marked the doll with my name at the minister's house only yesterday."

At that there was still more of a rustle in the crowd; everyone was smiling; one or two children laughed outright.

Just then a little boy on the front seat piped up, "That little girl in the gray hood doesn't belong to our Sunday school."

Emily pushed back her hood. "No, I don't" she said pleasantly. "But I'm going to. I like your Sunday school."

Then she marched back to her seat, and the other Emily went back to hers, and the minister gave out a hymn.

After the service was over the minister's mother came down where Emily was waiting and put Rosabel into her arms.

"How about the other Emily?" the little girl said anxiously.

The minister's mother smiled. "The other Emily is going to have another present," was her answer. "She wants you to have this one. What are you going to name your doll?"

"Why, didn't you know?" said Emily proudly, "that this doll is already named Rosabel?"

And then she turned and ran out to the churchyard gate to meet her mother and show off the new grandchild.—*Youth's Companion*.

"Getting to work on time is the greatest thing in the world," says an economist. But it is a still greater thing to work after you get there.

LOUISVILLE.

The Eleventh Annual Christmas Charity Potpourri of the Men's Club of the Cathedral House, was held at the Cathedral House Auditorium, Thanksgiving evening, November 29th, before a crowd that fairly taxed the capacity of the auditorium, members of the club and their friends put on a program of entertainment, spiced with dancing, songs, black face minstrels and a two-reeler entitled "Too Much." The proceeds go toward Christmas baskets for poor families and a big After-Christmas tree for poor overlooked children.

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The many friends of Daniel Brennan will rejoice to learn that he is well on the road to recovery and has been removed to his home. His four weeks in bed at a local hospital were pleasantly occupied by constant streams of his friends calling on him day and night.

For several months past in these columns we have commented upon the work of Ashland D. Martin, Director of Athletics at the Kentucky School for the Deaf, his success and the

FANWOOD.

The Junior High Class, taught by Miss Currier, entertained the members of the Fanwood Literary Association in the Chapel, Thursday evening, December 13th. The following is the program carried out:-

"Undine," (by Friedrich, Baron De La Motte), Barney Kindel.

"White Fang," (by Jack London), Edna Purdy.

"The King and a Stranger," (Anonymous), Benjamin Ash.

DEBATE: "Resolved, That Congress should provide a Bonus for the World War Veterans."

AFFIRMATIVE NEGATIVE

W. Schurman B. Kindel

"Editha's Burglar," (by Frances Burnett) Elizabeth Pomm.

"A Chevalier of Old France," (by John Harrington Cox), Edward Kerwin.

"The Story of the Kingdom of Israel," (from the Story of the Bible), William Schurman.

"How Fairyfoot met Robin Goodfellow," (by Frances Brown, Adapted), Jack Gleicher.

"The House of the Whispering Pines," (by Anna K. Green), Frances Vogel.

"Santa Claus First Journeys with the Reindeer," (Anonymous), Charles Knoblock.

"Kittykin," (by Thomas Nelson Page) Hilda Frederick.

Sunday evening, December 9th, Messrs. Albert Sumner, Grover English and Stephen Daumians, recent graduates of this school, were visitors. Grover, known as a good exerciser, taught Cadet First Sergeant Charles Kuothlock how to use the Indian clubs properly some time ago.

Cadet Captain Robert Fitting attended St. Martin's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., to see his cousin married on Sunday afternoon, December 8th.

Last Monday morning Cadet Corporal Kaple Greenberg received a pleasant letter from Miss Mary Zinkowsky, his ex-classmate of this school. She now resides in Los Angeles, Cal. She sends her former schoolmates her best regards.

About two weeks ago, Lieutenant and Band Leader Richard Pokorny's brother returned to his home in Long Island from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in his old-fashioned automobile, which he used for pleasure and hunting. One of those off days he succeeded in shooting a "Jack" rabbit.

On Saturday evening, December 8th, some of the pupils attended St. Ann's Church to see "Mr. Jiggs," known as "Bringing up Father." They enjoyed the play very much, and think that it was very well staged.

With Manager Frank Lux on Saturday afternoon, December 8th, the Senior Fanwood Five and the scorer travelled to Ossining, N. Y., to play a basketball game.

The game started at 3 P.M., and was with the Mount Pleasant Military Academy team. The Fanwoods took the lead, and at the end of the first half the score was 24 to 10.

In the second half the Fanwoods played at top speed. Their flashing tricks, the passing the ball by Benny Shafrazenk, and the good playing of Richard Porkorny and Edward Kerwin were factors in the Fanwoods' victory. Natalie Cerniglio and McCarthy at guards were alert, and the way they rushed the ball from the enemy's quarter was a revelation.

Captain Reid of the M. P. M. A. team starred on his team.

The final score was 84 to 16, in favor of Fanwood.

Below is the line up of the teams and summary of the game:-

M. P. M. A. (6) Pos. FANWOOD (64)
R. Briscoe R. F. Shafrazenk
Heywood L. F. Kerwin
Reid (Capt.) C. Porkorny (Capt.)
DeLamater R. G. Cerniglio
Reynolds L. G. McCarthy

Substitutions—M. P. M. A.: E. Bresco for R. Briscoe; Sterling for DeLamater, McCue for Reynolds, Fanwood: Mazzola for McCarthy, Field Goals—Shafrazenk, 16; Kerwin, 9; Porkorny, 13; Cerniglio, 4; Reid, 6; R. Briscoe, 1; Heywood, 1; Foul Goals—Kerwin, 0 out of 2. Referees—F. H. Timkeepen, Mr. David and Frank Lux, Manager of Fanwood Five Scorers—Cadet Captain Robert J. Fitting and Wm. Lewis, of M. P. M. A. Time of halves—Fifteen and twenty minutes.

A Christmas Entertainment will be held in the Chapel on Thursday, December 20th, under the management of the Kindergarten Department. Next week an account of it will be given in this column.

The Christmas recess begins on Saturday, December 22d, 1923, and will end Thursday, January 3d, 1924. The scribes of this column wish all the readers A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year, 1924. ROBERT AND RUDOLPH.

Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS,
Fort Smith, Ark.

A large, airy front room to let, furnished. Suitable for one or two gentlemen. Christian deaf-mutes preferred. Address: "S" DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

BASKETBALL & DANCE

GIVEN BY THE

Deaf-Mutes' Union League



AT THE

Twenty-second Engineer's Armory

Broadway and 168th Street

Saturday Evening, January 5, 1924

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE

vs. THE OZARK BIG FIVE

—AND—

BRONX, N. F. S. D., NO. 92

vs. N. J. N. F. S. D., NO. 91

Doors Open at 7:30 P.M. Game Starts at 8:30 P.M.

MUSIC BY THE
TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT BAND

TICKETS. - (Including Tax) - 75 CENTS

\$50 IN CASH PRIZES \$50

FOR ORIGINAL COSTUMES

GRAND MASK BALL

OF

Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 19th, 1924

AT BRONX CASTLE HALL

149th Street and Walton Avenue
Above Mott Avenue Subway Station

TICKETS
ONE DOLLAR

MUSIC BY
IMPERIAL ORCHESTRA

LARGE FRAT PENNANT TO DIVISION
MOSTLY REPRESENTED

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THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb) 160 Street and Madison Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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yet time. As Uncle Remus would put it: "W'en you git a little bit older dan w'at you is, honey, you'll know lots mo' dan you does now!"

Would that we were all children again, that we might hear for the first time the inimitable stories of Br'er Rabbit—of the Briar Patch—and of Miss Meadows!

The charm of Joel Chandler Harris' stories lies in their artlessness, and in their naturalness. He knew the negro as he really was—his humor, his pathos, his devotion.

There can never be another Uncle Remus. His character is one of the most notable of the contributions that America has given to the literature of the world.

He is gone—but songs and stories of the old plantations have become a part of our heritage.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

National Association of the Deaf.

GALLAUDET MONUMENT REPLICAFUND.

BULLETIN NO. 29

Previously reported \$5,149 42

Through Mr. J. H. McFarlane,
Talladega, Ala.

J. H. McFarlane \$1 00

Mrs. Florence H. McFarlane 1 00

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Wm. F. Grace 1 00

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Girls of the Alabama School 1 00

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Oscar M. Wade 1 00

Eugene Bradley 1 00

J. E. Stiles 1 00

Wm. E. Wade 1 00

W. H. Eirod 1 00

John C. Chunn 1 00

Cash 1 00

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Keys 1 00

Mrs. Isaac Davison 1 00

Miss Mary Wakefield 1 00

J. Dewey Brown 1 00

M. D. Roudtree 1 00

S. D. Stephens 1 00

Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Strauss 1 00

Britton Fritten 1 00

W. S. Gilchrist 1 00

Herman Harper 1 00

C. J. Daughrill 1 00

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Herdfielder 1 00

Mr. and Mrs. Harley De Berry 1 00

E. F. Staub 1 00

J. A. Weaver 1 00

Robert Quinn 1 00

Maurice Reilhan 1 00

Mary Paleck 1 00

Ruth Nottingham 1 00

Lola Daugherty 1 00

Tessie Vickers 1 00

Mary Liter 1 00

Lillian Ward 1 00

Mary Repco 1 00

Mildred Ruff 1 00

Roena Meadows 1 00

Irene Kitts 1 00

Norma Pauley 1 00

Lora Roberts 1 00

Maudie Boyles 1 00

Nellie Brown 1 00

Lillian Harris 1 00

Louise Ruff 1 00

Ruby Morrison 1 00

Virgie Ashcraft 1 00

Ina Johnson 1 00

Lilly Miller 1 00

Marie Ingram 1 00

Madge Parsons 1 00

Edith Hopkins 1 00

Adeline Tate 1 00

Mabel Nesbitt 1 00

Ruby Johnson 1 00

Blanche Parsons 1 00

George Garrison 1 00

Ruby Lilly 1 00

Mildred Parsons 1 00

Virgie Stender 1 00

Joe Ingalls 1 00

Clifford Leech 1 00

Arvid Bill 1 00

Herbert Mills 1 00

Fred Smithson 1 00

Cecil Osborn 1 00

Orval Vincent 1 00

Floyd Parsons 1 00

Nimrod Courtney 1 00

Melvin Crumley 1 00

Audrey Linkenauer 1 00

Hillard Rhodes 1 00

Baxter Loudermilk 1 00

Cecil Spears 1 00

Total \$5,205 16

A check for the full amount has been sent to Professor Drake, Treasurer.

THOMAS FRANCIS FOX Chairman.

HARLEY D. DRAKE, Treasurer.

JOHN O'Rourke

Committee of the N. A. D.

Dec. 19, 1923.

Gallaudet College Alumni Have Banquet

The annual reunion and banquet of the Alumni Association of Gallaudet College was held last evening at Hotel Leroy with about 50 members from Boston and surrounding cities attending, in observance of Gallaudet Day. A number of the guests paid a tribute to Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the first philanthropist to found a school for the instruction of the deaf. J. Stanley Light was toastmaster.

The meeting was addressed by Dr. Percival Hall, of Washington, D. C., who gave the early history of the education of the deaf in America and a sketch of the life of Gallaudet.

The address was given with conventional manual signs and oral speech simultaneously.

The banquet committee consisted of Patrick J. Theobald, Daniel W. Carey and J. Stanley Light—Boston Globe, Dec. 9.

And to even those few there is

FANWOOD.

On Thursday afternoon—at 1:30 P.M., to be exact, the chapel of the institution was filled to overflowing. The occasion was the annual Christmas Festival, and this year it surpassed all previous festivals held at Fanwood.

On entering the chapel one could not help observing the fine drawing on the slates. The program, which were distributed by two tiny tots Edward Houser and George Crichton, had it that the picture was made by members of the Palette and Brush Club, of the Institution Art Studio: Charles Knoblock, Arthur Lander, Richard Pokorny, Daniel Fox and Natale Cerniglia. The title of the picture was: "Angels Bring Gifts to Little Child." In the centre there was a child, apparently asleep and dreaming, and on both sides angels hovering about it. It was finely executed and reflects credit both to the boys and their Art teacher, Miss Michaela Le Frece Carroll.

On one side of the platform was a huge Christmas tree trimmed in a most artistic manner, and on the other side was a living room, with fireplace, telephone, etc. Mr. Samuel R. Betts, the President of the Board of Directors of the Institution with Mrs. Betts honored us with their presence, as did also Dr. Charles A. Leale, Chairman of the Instruction Committee and two daughters interested spectators, besides the teachers and pupils.

Principal Gardner in a few brief words told of the gathering, not the right time for Santa's visit, but as the pupils were to go home on the morrow he thought it right and proper to show the pupils Christmas spirit, hence he was most happy to have them all assembled to witness the entertainment that followed.

All the actors from Mrs. Santa Claus down to the programme boys spoke orally. A neat 4 page program was given to all to guide them. Here it is given in full:

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

Santa Claus Himself
Mrs. Santa Claus Jessie Garrick
Mother Goose Edna Purdy
Red Riding Hood Miriam Mazur
Little Boy Blue Philip Bodler
Little Bo Peep Clara Herman
Jack Horner Ivan Bell
Queen of Hearts Peggy Weston
Pages John Kowaleczek and George Audette
Old Woman Mary Call
Jack and Jill Vincent Sherman and Mary Lombardi
Reindeer—Dominick, Arthur, John, Walter, Margaret, Esther, Eleanor, Josephine.

Program Boys—Edward Houser and George Crichton.

MOTHER GOOSE'S CHRISTMAS VISIT

MRS. SANTA CLAUS ARRIVES AT THE FANWOOD CHAPEL

Mrs. Santa Claus—Merry Christmas to you. I wonder where Mr. Santa can be. He told me to be here on time to meet you and that he would come as soon as he filled some stockings in Brooklyn. (Telephone rings and Mrs. Santa talks to Santa Claus.) Hello! Have you filled the stockings? Will you come? Good-bye.

(To audience) Santa will come. He will be late. He is in Brooklyn. What shall we do?

Mr. Gardner—Mrs. Santa Claus, would you telephone to Mother Goose and ask her to send some of her children. Please ask for Little Red Riding Hood.

Mrs. Santa Claus—I will ask her. (Talks over the phone.) Yes, she will come.

(Red Riding Hood knocks at the door. Mrs. Santa lets her in.)

Little Red Riding Hood—

I'm Little Red Riding Hood, Known to you all.
You telephoned for me, I've answered your call.

(Dances)

Mrs. Santa Claus—Thank you. Sit down, Dr. Fox—Mrs. Santa Claus, we enjoyed that so much. Don't you think Mother Goose would let Little Boy Blue come? (Mrs. Santa telephones to Mother Goose.) Mrs. Santa, Yes, he will come.

(Mrs. Santa opens the door and Boy Blue enters.)

Boy Blue—I'm Little Boy Blue, Blowing my horn That Santa Claus gave me One Christmas morn.

(Dances)

Mrs. Santa Claus—Thank you. Sit down, Miss Barrager, I am going to suggest, Mrs. Santa Claus, that you ask Mother Goose to come.

(A Knock is heard at the door. Mrs. Santa opens the door and greets Mother Goose, shaking hands. Mother Goose bows to the audience. She then raises her wand and waves it three times. Bo Peep enters. She dances and then sings.)

Mother Goose again waves her wand three times and Jack Horner appears.)